

# THE RIVAL

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## GHOSTS!



*"And thinking of the days that are no more—"*

### STAFF:

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We have decided not to take any more subscribers until next term.—Ed.

### WE REGRET TO REPORT:—

S A C—24.

U C C—6.

Williams (grandly, to hotel clerk)—  
"Can you give me a room and a bath?"

Clerk—"I can give you a room, but  
I'll be hanged if I'll give you a bath."

### Shortage in Footballs.

Ike Harris turned up at the match.  
Guess he must have had some money  
on the game.

There is a young fellow called Blain,  
Who, to say the least, gives one a pain,  
With his sweet-looking smile  
He can win by a mile,  
But he certainly seems quite insane.

Just before Frankel left Germany for  
home, the Kaiser said, "Now, Egmont,  
here a pfennig for you iss to treat all  
die goot poys at der college. Of it be  
careful to spend too much not. Und  
ven next you to me se come, I may  
you two pfennigs give."

# Treasure Trove

—OR—

## THE GOLDEN GOOSE

A romance of stirring adventure and startling surprises.

### CHAPTER VI.—SIGNOR ISHMAEL MACARONI.

He stood at the extreme end of the peculiar vessel, grasping an iron steering wheel, which he turned incessantly. Like a man of wax, his white locks blown off from his ashen forehead, he never twitched or turned a muscle save when manipulating this wheel. A long white beard blew over his breast, and his sunken eyes peeped out through a thick glass window. Of a sudden he veered sharply about and addressed them.

"Gentlemen," he began, in a voice that seemed to Master Redbuckle full a thousand years old, so high and squeaky it was. "Gentlemen, you do not realize the exquisite, aye, exquisite, joy it gives me to drive you through the dark undiscovered caves of the ocean at the rate of thirty leagues a minute, gentlemen, thirty leagues a minute."

Here he coughed rackingly and wiped the stray strands of his hair from some machinery above, into which they had become tangled. "Gentlemen," he continued, "you doubtless do not realize, though perhaps you are aware of the monstrous fact that you, and you only, gentlemen (save me) are at present, at present, gentlemen, in the only submarine boat in existence!"

"Wonderful!" gasped Dick and Jerry in a breath. "Who'd 'a thought it?"

By this time the old man was speaking again. "Yes, it's true, my dear sirs, you are the first, the very first, to ride in this wonderful, I use the word wonderful advisedly, wonderful invention of mine. Yes gentlemen it is a submarine boat! But I will explain: I was peacefully oiling my carberator this evening, gentlemen, when I was aroused by the sound of a body striking the window at the top of my vessel. I thought 'twas a fish, gentlemen, and drew it inside by my new Press-the-crank-and-force-the-air-down-a-

vertical-vacuum-and-thence-to the-up-right-cylindrical-lubricating-whatsher-name, for, sure enough, gentlemen, I was very hungry. But it was not a fish, gentlemen, it was you. I mean one of you, er—what did you say your name was? Er—it was Mr. Jerry Bowes, gentlemen, and I drew him in through the top window. Well, the next fish I caught was—er, I beg your pardon—it, er—I mean you, er—he was you! See? And here I am—I mean, here you are; we are here, see?"

"He's mad as a hatter, sir. I'm sure of it," whispered Jerry in Dick's ear. "But he's a most amiable gent, sir, and as we're hungry, let's ask him for something to eat." This they did, and the three were soon seated at a raw meal of eels' oysters, and raw blowers, and other deep-sea fish equally unappetizing.

"We're awfully indebted to you, sir," quoth Master Dick.

"You're right there, you are," answered the old man, with abruptness. "You both would have been drowned if it hadn't been for me and my boat. I tell you it's dangerous around these waters. Now, a grandson of mine, he was caught by pirates, by Monsieur Alva and shot through a cannon. Now, what d'ye think of that for harsh treatment? Yes, gentlemen, he was a very brave lad. He was cool and collected to the very last; and even after the cannon was fired he was collected. But then he went all to pieces. As he soared through the air he felt soar. You see he was discharged, and that made him soar. Gosh, I felt sorry for that boy. He was cut off, I mean fired off in the prime of his youth, just 73, gentlemen, just 73." And the old man went on. He talked and talked. Went over his life experiences, so-called, though it was plainly seen that these were merely frenzied imaginings of his disordered brain. He was mad, raving mad, and his early life was lost in the oblivion of his crazy mind; he was at a loss as to what it really was or was not. But there was a stage in it, he said, where he could think of nothing about which he knew naught—could tell them naught. He averred having been in a wreck off the coast of the Indies many years past,

and of clinging to a tattered piece of mast as he drifted shoreward. But from that point his memory was a perfect blank. He could not remember his right name, he said, but had called himself Signor Ishmael Macaroni, being an inventor. He had constructed many things, but of these the most wonderful was the one they now saw—the marvel of marvels—the submarine vessel.

"Yes," said he, "I made just four hundred and forty-four boats before I struck this perfection, sirs, and I'm free to say it's the one and only, gentlemen, the one and only one of its kind in existence to-day!" Dick and the faithful Jerry spoke their applause.

After the brief meal Signor Macaroni insisted on learning where the adventurers were bound and their mission. Indeed the old man was so simple they deemed it right to tell him all.

"We're off to the Indies," quoth Master Redbuckle. "To an island we know nothing of save its name."

"And that is —?"

"Praeda," answered Dick. The old man gave a gasp; his face grew livid and he reeled and almost fell, saving himself by clutching at a steel bar that protruded from the side of the boat. "Go on! Go on!" he stammered. "On with your story!"

"Well, sir," continued Master Redbuckle, though he felt uneasy, "My grandsire, my old grandsire, who was a pirate in 1585, and roamed the seas with the worst of 'em, he was hanged at Whitechappel, and left a will, leaving all he possessed on earth to me. Now that 'all he possessed' is in the form of a treasure, a huge treasure of a hundred thousand pounds, and it is, so reads the parchment, buried in the Isle of Praeda, in the West Indies."

The old man had been betraying alarming symptoms as the narrative proceeded, and at each word his hands fastened more tightly on the seat, his eyes started from their sockets, and his thin lips twitched excitedly, as though he was struggling 'neath some awful truth that was wont to burst from his burning brain; but now he arose from his place with a cry, or, rather, a shriek, and shook Master Redbuckle from side to side as a fox-

hound might a mouse. "His name!" he shrieked. "His name, I say! Your grandsire's name!"

"Why," quoth Dick, "surely it was none other than Simeon Redbuckle. Why —" He rose to his feet in dumb amazement, and well he might, for Signor Macaroni had fallen prostrate in his chair.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—DEATH TO THE PICCAROONS.

Much fanning and cold water revived Signor Macaroni to a state of consciousness. "Oh!" he gasped. "To think that after all these years I —, oh!!" and he seized his head as if in a fit of dizziness.

"Come, come!" quoth Master Redbuckle, in some anxiety. "What is there to cause you such alarm at the mention of my old grandsire, who has been dead for years, pray?"

"Dead?" whispered the old man in a breath. "He is not dead! for I am he!!"

Dumbly they stared at him, dumbly their startled sight encountered his, then, with a tap to his forehead, Dick whispered "He's mad, plain mad," and turned to the awestruck Jerry.

"Mad?" howled the old man, seizing Dick by the shoulders, "Me? No, not mad. Not mad! only dreaming! 'Tis I, 'tis I who bear the name of Simeon Redbuckle. Hanged at Whitechapel. Yes! they thought they had hanged me, but no! Nay! nay! I had on my patent iron hangless rope-proof collar, guaranteed not to itch! Hanged? I should guess not! and when they put me in my two-by-six coffin I wiggled out of it! Yes, sir! I hadn't been taking lessons from Mr. Houdini, the handcuff king, for nothing! No indeedy."

Ere he had completed this alarming statement there was a crash that bode well to destroy their deep-sea craft. Rushing to the lookout window Jerry peered through, crying out, "We've smashed clear through the keel of Captain Kuttlefish's vessel! We've cut a complete hole in her!"

Even as he spoke dim forms could be discerned through the glass trap above clinging tenaciously to the submarine. "The pirates," thought Dick. "Let them perish, the rascals."

And perish they did, for a huge swordfish came swimming up and pierced them all on his sword.

"Hum!" ejaculated Simeon. "That finishes the piccaroons, and now we have only to find the treasure—my treasure, and as I know its whereabouts we will lose no time in cruising to Praeda."

He stepped to the end of the vessel, grasped the steering-wheel, pressed a lever and pulled forward a crank. They were off!

—THE END.—

### ELEGY WRITTEN AFTER THE ST. ANDREW'S MATCH.

#### I.

The whistle sounds the knell of parting power,  
The beaten team goes slowly from the field,  
The college boys are feeling very sour,  
For the championship that we have had to yield.

#### II.

Now fade the glimmering goal-posts in the dark,  
And all the air a solemn gloom does hold,  
When Crossen with a mighty kick does send  
The leather far above the college goal.

#### III.

Speed had our wing line, and our halves no fear,  
St. Andrew's did a team as speedy bring,  
They gave to college just a touch and rouge,  
They gained from College almost everything.

#### IV.

Far from the football crowd's ignoble strife  
Our high ambitions now are taught to stray,  
We wait for snow and ice to come again,  
At hockey then we will resume our sway.

### SMUGGLING BY MOTOR CAR.

Being an Account of an Italian Millionaire's Experiences in Quest of Excitement.

#### I.

Before us stretches a long, white, dusty road, one of which, when we think of Italy, seems to naturally fit into the landscape. It slopes gradually upwards to the top of a hill, where there is a number of small houses which are well back from the road, and one larger than the rest which faces directly on to it.

As a matter of greatest consequence the top of this hill makes the boundary line between the two countries of Italy and Switzerland, while behind us the lofty Alps stretch upwards into space.

Although the scene around is as quiet as could be desired, inside the larger house which faces the road the customs officials are busy interpreting a message which is coming over the telegraph wires from the city of Milan, from where but a few minutes before Count de Foggia, a wealthy Italian nobleman, has just set out in his motor for a run into Switzerland.

Now, Jimmy Nelson and Jeffrey Corbett, two youths who were spending their summer holidays with the former's uncle in Switzerland, were the sole occupants of a clump of ferns from which they had an excellent view of the scene described.

"I'd just as soon be back at college swatting as hanging around here doing nothing," remarked Jimmy, disgustedly, to his friend. "Oh, hello! This fellow will get pinched, sure, for not waiting for inspection," remarked Jeffrey, as a large motor car came into view on the top of the opposite hill,

and went right by the customs house, in front of which the frenzied officials were gesticulating in a manner something superb. But the occupants of the car kept right on without slowing a particle, and gathered up speed on the way down the long slope.

As it passed the two friends at breakneck speed, they noticed that it had no number, and only two people in the car, the tonneau being empty save for a few parcels. In a few seconds another car appeared from behind the customs house and proceeded to chase the former. But the numberless one had a goodly start, and seemed to be of much higher power as it covered the ground by far the faster.

Soon the government car returned, and the two friends decided to go to the scene of excitement to find out the cause of the trouble, and Jimmy, who could speak Swiss fluently, inquired politely what was the matter, but the officials were in no mood to answer questions, and the two returned home, as the afternoon was now drawing to a close. Neither of them could fathom the mystery, although both made wild guesses as to whether it was the King of Italy in disguise, or some bold convicts who, having stolen a car, had used this as means of escape.

But the next morning at breakfast, they saw by the papers that "two men with a large white motor car, of about 40 horse-power, with a tonneau attached, and bearing no number, had started out from Milan at midday with a load of dutiable goods, and had run past the customs officials on the border between Italy and Switzerland, on the St. Agnes road. The officials had been notified by telegraph from Milan shortly after the car had started, but were unable to trap the lawbreakers. It is to be hoped that such a thing will not occur again."

That same afternoon as the two boys were lying amongst the clump of ferns, a rapid "purr" was heard in the distance, at the same time two of the of-

ficials were seen to come out and listen, and then go back inside.

Something flashed across the middle of the road, near the bottom of the hill, and the two chums tore across the intervening space and lay down beside the hedge which ran along the road.

From here they saw what looked like a steel cable fastened on either side of the road by two large trees, which had grown almost opposite each other. The wire was painted to represent the color of the road, so that anyone coming along would be apt to not notice it. On both sides a thick hedge grew, so that the two boys could see and not be seen. Soon the "purr" grew louder, and Jeffry remarked that it sounded very much like the exhaust of the "numberless one," and then, from out of the "Elkhorn Pass" the car tore. When I say tore, I mean that the car was going like the wind, up the hill she started, and it did not seem to affect her speed in the least. She reached the wire—then two terrific reports rang out, as the front tires were torn open, and the whole car was jerked backwards as if by a gigantic spring. Both the men were thrown out and the motor brought up against the wire cable, while one of the men's heads brought up against the hind wheel, which continued to buzz merrily around, as the motor was still going. While the one man was enjoying a brisk barber's rub, the other had the enjoyable sensation of standing on his head. Not that he meant to, you know, but just that he couldn't help himself, as he was thrown into the hedge, when the car stopped so suddenly, and stayed in this position because he couldn't extract himself. The man who was getting the shampoo was no less than the Count de Foggia, while the other man was his chauffeur. On all sides were the bundles of goods which he was trying to smuggle across from Switzerland into Italy and vice versa.

When the officials came up on the run they were so hilarious over their capture that they let go of the Count who immediately decamped. But they still retained the mechanic, who confessed that the Count was a millionaire, and who, dying for want of adventure, had hit upon this means of excitement.

We admit that we were beaten on Friday, but that does not call for a constant reminder of the fact. Why, even in physics, when litmus was being mixed, it was said, 'Yes, the red always wins.' It's rather tough, to say the least.

There's a young boy called Jack Benjamin,

Who is so exceedingly thin,  
When once he essayed  
To drink lemonade  
He slipped down the straw and fell in.

There once was a chap called Jack Gwynne,  
Who wore a perpetual gwynne,  
When asked to efface it  
He said he'd erase it,  
But didn't know where to begynne.

The other day, at the football practice Goldie yelled out, "Dan, Muffit," and he muffed it.

Any items of general interest to the college fellows will be gladly received, and such as are accepted will appear in the next issue. Don't be shy. If you know any little item, get busy and tell one of the staff.

Ever notice how frisky Horsey gets after a hair-cut? Never mind, we can make allowances for him; it is only equine nature.

The question of the moment is, "Will McCullough get his culloughs?"

We knew Snowball wasn't all there, and so we made the excuse that the radiator had melted him. But, evidently, he wants the truth told. Before he leant up against the radiator he wasn't all there, but we did not like to say so. The heater was cold, having no effect on him, as he himself admits.

There is a young fellow called Hodder,  
Who is an inveterate plodder,  
He never will shirk  
The least bit of his work.  
He particularly likes to eat fodder.

There was a young fellow called Thom,  
Who sail he'd invented a bomb  
That would, so he reckoned,  
explode in a second.  
We think that it was a Thom-Thom.

Turnbull (to ticket agent at Union station, meekly)—"Please, sir, may I take a sleeper to Hamilton?"  
"Yes, if you want to, but there are enough there now."

There was a young scholar called Dean  
Who tackled a bit of unseen,  
When asked to construe it,  
He thought that he knew it,  
But found he'd forgotten it clean.

## COLLEGE YELLS

### I.

#### C-OL-LE-GE.

What's the matter with U. C. C. ?  
She's all right, Oh yes, you bet,  
Who's all right, why, U. C. C. ,  
Hurrah, hurrah,  
Hoorah, hoorah, Canada, Canada,  
Hoo-rah-ray.

### II.

Whack-e-go-whack,  
Whack-e-go-whack,  
Boom rah ! Boom rah !  
U. C. C., U. C. C.  
College.

### III.

Nigger, nigger, hoe potater,  
Half-past alligator,  
Ram, ram bonigator,  
Chick, raw duck,  
College, College !  
Rush her up.

## IV.

Oh, when you're up you're up,  
 And when you're down you're down,  
 And when you're up against the  
 College,  
 The College'll put you down.

## V.

Je hee, je haw.  
 Je haw, haw, haw.  
 College, College,  
 Rah, Rah, Rah.

## VI.

U. C. C., U. C. C.  
 C-O-L-L-E-G-E.  
 U. C. C., U. C. C.  
 C-O-L-L-E-G-E.  
 C-O-L-L-E-G-E.  
 College.

## VII.

Boom - chick - a-boom, Boom-chick-a-  
 boom,  
 Boom-chick-a-rick-a-chick-a  
 Boom, Boom, Boom.  
 Rip-rah-ray.  
 Rip-rah-ray.  
 College, College,  
 Every day.

## VIII.

One-a-zippy, Two-a-zippy,  
 Three-a-zippy-zup.  
 College, College,  
 Rush her up!

## IX.

Song:—(Tune, "Everybody Works But  
 Father.")

Nobody scores but College,  
 And she scores goal on goal.  
 Port Hope may fight gamely,  
 But a larger score will roll.

College scores a touch-down,  
 And also kicks a goal,  
 Nobody scores but College,  
 Port Hope is in the hole!

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE FOR-  
 EVER.

When we came to college, boys, we  
 knew not what it meant,  
 Hazing, smoking, hooking out was far  
 from our intent.  
 We thought that those who did such  
 things would instantly be sent  
 From Upper Canada College forever.

But since we've come to college, boys,  
 we all know what it means,  
 The goody-goody sort of chap should  
 leave for other scenes.  
 For that's the kind of chap we like to  
 smash to smithereens.  
 At Upper Canada College forever.

The fellows we appreciate are rather  
 less inclined  
 To use their straps for school books  
 than to flip their friends behind.  
 They think that scribblers clearly  
 were for paper darts designed.  
 So Upper Canada College forever.

The boys who go on dumping raids  
 with keys for every lock,  
 Who dive beneath the bedstead when  
 they hear the warning knock,  
 They may be rather breezy, but we'll  
 keep that kind in stock  
 At Upper Canada College forever.

Then here's to all the ruffians who tie  
 up doors with rope,  
 Who make the new boys sing on pain  
 of eating soap.  
 You'll see their fiendish crimes go on.  
 I'll almost dare to hope,  
 At Upper Canada College forever.

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